

IOWA

Iowa today is a mix of rolling farmland and scattered Midwestern-style towns. It was supposed safety in open spaces that attracted many refugees to the state during the chaos following the nuclear strikes. The local population resisted this invasion, and open warfare soon erupted. Some towns managed to force back the refugees, but in the majority of cases, sheer weight of numbers won the battle. When the refugees did get into the towns, they found that the situation was not as good as they had been led to believe, and more fighting resulted. The winter of 1989 in the Midwest was one of the worst on record, and many of the refugees died of exposure. The next year saw the survivors trying to improve their lot, but numerous marauder bands had sprung up and the state degenerated into chaos again. And then came the Warriors of Krell, rampaging across the plains like Mongol hordes of old. 150 years later, the state is mostly an empty dustbowl littered with abandoned farmsteads, bleached skeletons and horse paths. Only along the rivers are there functioning towns and sizeable populations, some of them quite large and well-defended.

1) NUCLEAR TARGETS

Des Moines, SS-18M1

Iowa Army Ammunition Plant, Burlington, SS-17

2) MORROW PROJECT ASSETS

Due to the excessive Krell influence, MP teams in Iowa have so far had a 0% awakening success rate so far.

3) WESTERN IOWA

As with other states in the Great Plains region, the Warriors of Krell have slowly and inexorably forced most all the remaining farmers and townspeople out of this area, leaving huge tracts of empty land and abandoned farms and settlements. These displaced persons had to travel long distances, endure hardships and bandit attacks, to get to places where they were often not welcomed. No one likes a large refugee column coming into their town, draining their resources, and gunfights were often the end result of their treks. The land they left behind is often very productive agriculturally, it was just too dangerous to live there with the Krell constantly threatening to pillage and burn them out. The brutal empire of Krell now firmly controls the Missouri River bank from Sioux City south to the border; Krell patrols from Krychek City have been entering the interior of the state for decades, scooping up slaves and salvage. In Iowa, you will not find any "peaceful settlements of hard working farmers and their daughters" anywhere west of Interstate 35. Even east of that arbitrary line, there are few settlements that do not exist in a constant state of fear and preparedness in expectation of a Krell attack.

Sioux City: Fields around the slowly crumbling ruins of Sioux City, and most of western Iowa along the Missouri River, are a fertile area. As such, Sioux City is occupied as the northernmost outpost of Krell influence. A large expedition is currently forming here, preparing for a spring-time move across the Mississippi River into [Illinois](#) for some good ole' fashioned looting and plundering. This army is composed of approximately 3,000 men, supported by some armored pick-up trucks.

The ruins of Des Moines: Hit by a large nuclear warhead, Des Moines died in an orgy of heat, fire, and death. There is little of value left here anymore, and most wise travelers steer clear of the ruins.

Ames: This small city's story is typical of hundreds across the natio. Ravaged by riots and refugees in the aftermath of the chaos, the population battled to the death with desperate and starving outsiders. With no will or way to fight out of control fires, thousands of buildings were destroyed and neglect has brought down many more over the last 150 years. Wind-blown dust is knee-high in some areas, broken bits of glass lay under every window, and the rusted hulks of cars clog the avenues. Packs of feral dogs and abnormally large and aggressive cats now prowl the alleys, far outnumbering

the 30 to 50 people still alive in Ames today.

Mason City: Home of a small Inquisitor enclave, based out of an old church in this small town along the Winnebago River. These are self-styled do-gooders out to purge mankind of his sins, using the Spanish inquisition as their role-model. They will kill and torture in the name of their god, though at times it seems they do it just for pure sadism. They have some hidden pre-war technology, but mainly travel around on horseback. They are mostly armed with simple blunt and edged weapons, but have some firearms. Their cruelty has appealed to the Krell, who have visited Mason City numerous times and have let them be. Year after year, there are fewer and fewer people for them to "purge of their sins", forcing them to travel great distances to find the repentant. The Krell have occasionally helped in this, dropping off sinners on their way back from raiding expeditions into [Minnesota](#) and [Illinois](#).

Site-U: This small [Snake Eater](#) Base (12 Green Berets and 3 support staff) have their bunker located near Waterloo. Buried just days prior to Warday, their equipment was in transit to their bolthole when the war started. The vehicles, support weapons and extended supplies were re-routed to units still in action elsewhere in the country. Consequently, with the exception of their personal weapons and ammo, their small facility is empty. No trade weapons, extra medical supplies or extended support equipment of any type. Total vehicle complement is just one M151 unarmed Jeep and even the fuel bunkers are empty. The team is still sleeping.

The Plane: In the middle of Rural Highway 80, just south of Sheldon sits a long abandoned vestige of the war. A Pan Am 747 jumbo jet, its electronics fried by EMP, made a emergency landing here on Warday. The aircraft dominates the skyline in this desolate and empty part of the country, as well as totally blocking the road. The wings now touch the ground and the wheels of the long flat tires have sunk into the former asphalt. The doors are open and the interior is now a aviary of sorts for local birds. The luggage areas are long since looted and although the aircraft will never fly again, the huge Pratt and Whitney turbfans, while exposed to 150 years of sand and corrosion, might yield some useful salvage to inventive teams.

4) NORTHEASTERN IOWA

The far corner of the state has survived better than any other area of Iowa. The terrain is more hilly and there are more local streams to keep agriculture up. The Krell have been through this area before, but the locals have usually managed to hide enough of their treasures and women in the hills to sustain a reasonable life.

Decorah: In this small former college town, nestled into the valley of the Upper Iowa River, a very unique society has developed. Amongst the refugees that came to the town following the nuclear war was a former History professor from the University of Minnesota, a world renowned expert on ancient Greece. Within a short period of time he had influenced the town's civic leaders to adopt a Spartan-style militia to keep out bandits and to keep morale high. Over the generations, this Spartan lifestyle has become part of the everyday life of the town, and has created sharply divided classes of warriors and citizens. Today, out of a total town population of 975, some 225 men serve in the militia, mostly part-time, and they drill and train weekly. They have some old, well-maintained M-16s and one hand grenade, but mostly they use flintlock muskets and crossbows. Ammunition for the M-16s is limited (about 100 rounds) and the M-16s are only used if the town itself comes under attack. Twice in the last 80 years the Krell have ventured to this town. The first time they killed a few young men and ran off with a few cows. The second time, however, they were ambushed and slaughtered by the militia. The townspeople wisely hauled the dead on horse-drawn sleds south for nearly fifty miles before depositing them around an abandoned town. The Krell, generally not being the brightest people, bought the deception and didn't come to Decorah looking for revenge.

Elkader: Before the war, Clayton County and the town of Elkader was a peaceful farming community just a little northeast of Dubuque, nestled in the scenic Turkey Creek valley west of the Mississippi River. Elkader's one weird claim to fame was that it was named after Abd el-Kader, a young Algerian hero who led his people in a resistance to French colonialism between 1830 and 1847.

The War: Thanks to a freak of wind patterns on that fateful day in 1989, much of the Clayton County region seemed to be in a small pocket roughly 15 miles long and 7 or so miles wide that was untouched by fallout from strikes to the east. But the loses from the ensuing refugee migrations north from Dubuque and Cedar Rapids all but destroyed Elkader and

the area with the rioting and raiding that went on. When the dust finally settled about 20% of the cropland was usable and only about 25 people were left alive in the town.

Elkader today: Clayton County has returned to a somewhat normal cycle of life. The folks mainly raise hogs and corn which are thriving enough to feed the familys. Over the years number of hogs have escaped and gone feral and become Slashers. There are few modern firearms left, though sometimes you might see a old family deer rifle. Most men use bows constructed from local wood, and they hunt Slashers with big long spears. A number of blockhouse-like structures have been built near each town in the county where a family is always living on a rotational basis. By far the biggest town, Elkader has a livery, a tavern and a mercantile store, as well as an area for a monthly market. There is some trading with towns to the north and south but much has remained the same. All told, about 250 people live in the Clayton County area, about half in Elkader. They still fly the old American flag in Elkader, but they no longer call themselves "Americans" but rather, amusingly, "Turkeys". They are also know to regional traders as the "Quad City Allaince" or even the "Turkey Creek Confederation". East of the old county line is a dry and less fertile region inhabited by little more than black flies, crows and Dragon Lizards. The old Mississippi River sports electric catfish and snappers, which make good meat if you can catch one. The southern part of the county is having an infestation of Maggots, Blue Undead and Scraggers. Many in the area are considering abandoning their homes as there seems to be an unlimited source of these creatures migrating up out of the ruins and wastes of Dubuque and Cedar Rapids. Krell patrols are being seen to the west of Elkader occasionally, but haven't made themselves dangerous yet.

5) SOUTHEASTERN IOWA

Over the decades of droughts and dwindling water tables, much of southeastern Iowa has withered away into almost nothing, leaving only dry empty ruins of farming towns and bleached skeletons of unlucky travelers. The larger towns in the region, from Cedar Rapids and Iowa City in the north, to Mount Pleasant and Ottumwa in the south, are all virtually deserted. There might be 20 inhabitants in each of the larger towns, subsisting on scavenging. In closer to the Mississippi River, where limited irrigation is possible, there are a number of operating communities.

Clinton: The 350 helpless people living here are now controlled by a slaver gang led by a man named "Chicago Slim". Slim's business is women and guns, valuable products throughout all of human history. Having come here two years ago from [Illinois](#), he has made Clinton his personal playground. He has expanded and reinforced a low wall around parts of the downtown area that the locals had started and the highway approaches are now controlled by roadblocks. Just this fall, there was a schism in the gang, with a group of twenty or so slavers under Jimmy Bob Murphy splitting off and moving northwest to the Maquoketa Caves State Park. Here they have built a stockade out of an old Park Rangers office and are planning on attacking Clinton next spring to get revenge on Slim. The residents of the town are hoping that any fight will provide them with an opportunity to free themselves.

Muscatine: A small enclave of security, home to a well-organized community of farmers and canoe traders on the bank of the Mississippi River. The town is surrounded by old walls of wood reinforced with metal plate, razor wire, and even the odd homemade landmine or two to keep out marauders. While this wall was mostly built a hundred years ago, it has been maintained by the current residents and is quite formidable. They are 150 people in the town, and most adults are armed with weapons of some sort, including a few rifles. They have a number of dairy cows, some small industry making farm implements and watercraft and are determined to hold onto their homes in spite of the odds.

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